THE POPES EVIDENCE TO A CARDINAL

One of His *PRIVADO'S*

ABOUT THE DELIVERANCE OF THE Earl of Shaftsbury Out of the TOWER.

POPE,

I Swear repeated Crosses make me mad,
And though ne'r Swore what was true before,
Yet now to vex Hell, 'cause his luck's so bad,
I'll Swear what's Truth, tho I Swear so no more.
Which no body can deny.

Hang it! for once I will ingenious be,
And round my Cardinal Lord in his ear;
(But he must keep 'twixt Oath of Secrecie)
Of what I'll swear, and what I will not Swear.
Which no body shall deny.

I Swear our Wit and Power do now run dregs,
Altho our Hogsheads full of Malice be;
That our brave Plot should crouch 'tween *Celiers* legs,
And dwindle now to a poor Perjury.
Which no body can deny.

I will not Swear the Catholick Cause will stand
In *England* till Doomes-day, and do it harm,
Since the Supporters of it in that Land
Are a poor, wretched, hungry, louzy Swarm.
Which no body can deny.

Raggs of Mankind! Scum, on whom Devils will feed.
Vermine! engendred by the cursed heat
Of great Mens malice, and their own great need;
Who'll Swear their Souls away for bits to eat.
Which no body can deny.

I Swear that we were all as dull as Loggs,
Blinder than Biggots, that adore the lame;
That we sent o're so many *Irish* Dogs,
When others would have better ply'd their Game.
Which no body can deny.

Hang a poor, zealous, superstitious Fool,
That must have Conscience go his murth'rous way;
I Swear that a Church Atheist is a Tool
Will do our business better far than they.
Which no body can deny.

A *Tory* Tribe shall Swear and Damn you ever,
And run your Eyes down, that the Day is Night.
Would our poor Rogues would swear but half so clever,
As *Thompson*, *Rawlins* and *Le Strange* do write.
Which no body can deny.

I Swear the Methods that we took were good;
To hang up Hereticks by their own Laws;
And more of shedding of dear Cath'licks bloud,
We might affect and build the Cath'lick Cause.
Which no body should deny.

I will not Swear but it is Reason and Sence,
That We and Methods too, should be confounded,
By a Seditious thing call'd *Providence*,
With which, We, our Cause were always wounded.
Which no body can deny.

This

This I will ſwear, we ſhall well play our part,
If we can get the Rogues but to compound;
Grind them, until they be glad at their hearts
To part Stakes, and we ſtand on even ground.
Which no body ſhould deny.

Yet I'le not ſwear, (for that my fear indites)
But when that King and Parliament agree;
(Oh!) that all things ſhall then be ſet to rights,
Then Popelings *Miſerere Domine*;
Which no body can deny.

I ſwear that *London* is Heretical,
And damnably believe in Doctor *Oats*;
They uſe their Reaſon in their Common Hall,
And chuſe good Officers to ſave their Throats.
Which no body can deny.

And they that chuſe good Sheriffs are Rebels, Whigs;
But I'le not ſwear that they are ſo that do it,
Although the Damne Blades with hufing Wigs,
With braſs enough do every where avow it.
Which no body can deny.

Hence 'tis, I ſwear, that we are never bleſt
In any of our Plots, but all do ſhame us;
For all the Juries are of late poſſeſt
With the curſt croſs-grain'd Spirit *Ignoramus*.
Which no body can deny.

Thou Heretick *Ignoramus*, why doeſt range?
Thou ſhould'ſt have *Inquiſition* without pity:
Why, would'ſt thou leave the Lawyers, and *La Strange*,
And creep among the Trades-men of the City?
Which none of them ſhall deny.

Thou Maſs of Sin, of Treaſon and Rebellion,
Of Hereſie, the Spell that Witches dandle;
I ſwear that each unholy Popiſh Stallion
Shall curſe thee *Ignie*, with Bell, Book and Candle.
Which no body can deny.

I ſwear thoſe Sheriffs by us are thought ſtark nought,
Who do in the nick of this bleſſed ſeaſon
Chuſe honeſt Juries, that won't be aw'd, or bought,
But ſpight of us will uſe their Conſcience, Reaſon.
Which none of us can deny.

I will not ſwear, but we had the good will
To lowre a little, little *Shaftsbury*;
He always has been, is, and will be ſtill,
Next, under God, our greateſt Enemy.
Which no body can deny.

Swear had Heaven but let us took him off,
Some thouſands more Heretical Heads had danc'd
Off of their ſhoulders, whilſt all we ſhould laugh
To ſee the Hereticks ſo faſt advanc'd.
Which no body can deny.

I will not ſwear, though *Shaftsbury* was dead,
But *Cadmus* Corn would riſe up from his Grave:
However, could we have his Politick Head
As uſeleſs as his Legs, it would be brave.
Which no body can deny.

Malicious ſpightful hate does urge him ſore,
Though *I* dare ſwear he ne're deſerv'd the thing;
For never man did for his Country more,
And never man more truly lov'd his King.
Which no body can deny.

I'le not ſwear; but he may hereafter grow
In favour with Great *Charles*; but if he'l miſs;
This *I*'le affirm, and ſwear unto it too,
That it will be his Enemies fault, not his.
Which no body ſhall deny.

Shaftsbury loves his Prince: none dare gain-ſay:
Oh but he ſerves his God and Country too;
This *I* will ſwear, let all his Foes ſay nay,
'Tis the beſt love he to his Prince can ſhow.
Which no body can deny.

I will not ſwear, but *Shaftsbury* may be
Reſerv'd by Heavens kind hand to make *Charles* great,
The Engliſh Nation happy, and to ſee
Us and our Gang have abſolute defeat.
Which no body ſhall deny.

This *I* will ſwear, he is, unto our grief,
At laſt delivered from a tedious Jail:
Thus Heaven ſtill ſends to the oppreſs'd relief,
And *Innocence* and Truth at laſt prevail.
Which no body can deny.

FINIS.

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